

HARRY DANIEL'S MINOR OBSERVATIONS

FEUD LIFE IN OLD KENTUCKY.

They are still having great times in the Kentucky feud belt. Scarcely a day goes by now that some Kentucky feudist, while currying his ripe tobacco worms with a club, does not turn up his toes to the bright and beautiful zodiac at the earnest and heartfelt solicitation of some member of the opposite faction. The study of feud life in Kentucky is interesting, but we would not advise a person to make a study of it with the naked eye unless he is in poor health anyway and wants to get ahead of some insurance company. The Kentucky feud often originates from the most trivial source. A man goes to a dance, for instance, and, while waltzing gracefully around the room with his coat-tails sticking out at an angle of about 45 degrees, treads on a large and sensitive pet bunion worn by a young lady who immediately quits the dreamy waltz and sweeps majestically and indignantly from the hurried remarks between her escort and the man who waltzed around on the surface of her large, first-premium bunion, and then two shots tell that another great feud has been inaugurated which will be taken up by all the mourners and hands down from generation to generation with the hymn book and the c. and other heirlooms. As soon as the feud begins, every member of every family connected with it begins to go armed like a warship, and soon the sidewalks and streets and country roads of that vicinity are decorated with defunct and superannuated feudists who have expired on the spur of the moment without taking time to dress up for the occasion.



Treads on a large and sensitive pet bunion.

room on one foot. There are a few and the man who waltzed around on the surface of her large, first-premium bunion, and then two shots tell that another great feud has been inaugurated which will be taken up by all the mourners and hands down from generation to generation with the hymn book and the c. and other heirlooms. As soon as the feud begins, every member of every family connected with it begins to go armed like a warship, and soon the sidewalks and streets and country roads of that vicinity are decorated with defunct and superannuated feudists who have expired on the spur of the moment without taking time to dress up for the occasion.

But there is something to admire in the Kentucky feudist, notwithstanding his practice of carrying a shotgun to prayer meeting and wearing a seven-shooter to the missionary teas. He is a man of his word. He is unhealthful to those who differ with him, but he is truthful. When he tells a man that he will make him look more like a sieve than anything else he can think of, he will be as good as his word. The Kentucky feudist does not get loud and boisterous in a crowd and announce in a swollen tone of voice that the next time he meets a certain party he will beat him into a mere shapeless mass, and then forget all about it after his temperature has cooled off a few degrees. We have all seen feuds of this kind. We have often seen a man solemnly swear, with one hand pointed toward high heaven and the other one resting on the bosom of his shirt, that the first time he came face to face with a certain person one or the other of them would just naturally have to die, and then, when the fatal moment arrived and he saw the other man coming, his better and truer and nobler nature has asserted itself and he has turned hastily up a side street or down a safe and convenient alley.

We have all seen feuds of this kind. We remember of having made remarks in print one time about the plans and specifications of a certain man's appetite. When it came time to eat he was certainly a profound genius, but he was sensitive about it and it always made him mad to tell him that his appetite would weigh more on a pair of scales than his intellect. And so when he read about it in print he was badly shattered. He did not court fame and publicity anyway, he said, and did not care anything for the world's encomiums unless they were good to eat. The press, he said, had never paid a tribute to the dimensions of his appetite before and he believed that at his time in life he would rather just struggle on unknown and shovel in pie in obscurity than bandage up his brow with any laurels he had ever seen.

So he read the article over 300 or 400 times more and then went out and made such an inebriate of himself that the next 600 or 700 times he tried to glance through the resolutions of respect to the memory of his double-barrel appetite he began at the bottom and attempted to read upward. Sometimes he would hold the paper upside down and scan hastily through the article, and every time he did so he would seem to find some new beauty in it, or discover some grand and ennobling thought that he had not sworn over and called everybody's attention to before. After he had gotten along to the point where he could not find the article in the paper any more without outside assistance he decided to seek revenge, so he went out and armed himself to the teeth. Wishing to sell our life at just as high a market price as we could possibly bring, we purchased an engine of death about the size of an ordinary door key. You could shoot anything in it from a dose of buckshot to a quinine capsule, and it was absolutely guaranteed to be fatal. If the discharge of lead bounced off and failed to perforate the surface of your antagonist you still had the privilege of taking the butt end of it and hammering out his brains. So we felt quite secure. Whenever we saw him coming, however, we thought it best to step into a hidden place as we did not wish to claim his life and snatch him away from his great and wonderful appetite until absolutely necessary. We often wondered just what he would do as he cast his horrified eyes down into the full, cool depths of our revolver barrel about an inch and seven-eighths.

But one day the crisis came. We saw him coming, and, ere either of us had time to get out of the way, we had met. We came face to face, and, before any of the spectators could raise a hand to interfere or shout a single word of warning, we had passed rapidly by each other. For a moment, people held their hands over their ears and shut their eyes so that they would not see us shoot each other down in cold blood, but when they opened them again the danger was over, for we were at least a mile and a half apart. Things had come to a focus at last, but the loss of life was found to be much less than had been expected. But it is not that way with your Kentucky feudist. He does not send word to his enemy every day for six months that unless he is anxious to ascertain how it feels to be an angel he had better avoid a meeting, and then, at last, when the critical moment arrives, try to see what is the highest possible rate of speed at which he can avoid his antagonist. The Kentucky feud consists of about one part talk and nine parts funeral.

Harry Daniel

HE LOANED HIS NAME

Now He Is Having Trouble with a Divorce Suit and Alimony.

HE NEVER MARRIED THE WOMAN

Is a Plea He Makes for Not Paying the Money—Details of H. D. Sutton's Death.

Owosso, Mich., July 1.—John McCullough, of Cincinnati, formerly of Owosso and Pontiac, was before the circuit court to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of court for not paying his former wife \$5 a week alimony until her child is 14 years old. In an interview with a newspaper representative, McCullough says he kept company with Miss Mills, but that he never married her, and that he is not the father of her child. He says his lawyer has papers to prove that on the day on which Miss Mills says they were married he was at his work in the Owosso Carriage company's factory.

Fifth of the McCullough Story.
He has, besides, affidavits by the town clerk of Windsor and the rector of the Episcopal church, who Miss Mills says performed the ceremony. Both of these, say McCullough, certify that no such marriage is on record. McCullough's explanation of the divorce proceedings is that to save the girl from shame he gave her permission to use his name. She was then to get a divorce at once and sign away all claims upon him. She got the decree, but refused to sign. This story is regarded as very flimsy.

Struck by Falling Props.
Owosso, Mich., July 1.—When Fred Gage, employed on the construction of the Owosso Sugar company's new factory, went into a large sewer tunnel heavy props gave way, striking him violently on the body and head, and rendering him unconscious. He was carried to Dr. Arnold's office. He was injured internally so severely that it is doubtful whether he will recover.

MISUNDERSTANDING WAS FATAL.
Results in the Shooting of a Domestic and the Immediate Suicide of the Man Who Shot Her.

Richmond, Mich., July 1.—Both the death of Horace D. Sutton, an old and well-known resident of Richmond, who shot himself Sunday evening, and that of Miss Roloff, the domestic who was perhaps fatally wounded by the discharge of his revolver just before he turned it upon himself, are believed to have been the result of an unhappy misunderstanding. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton had just returned from a day's outing at Fairhaven, on Lake St. Clair. The two women were reading, when Sutton went into the bedroom and brought out an old revolver. Miss Roloff, for some reason, suspected that he meant to take his life, and she rushed toward him and pinioned his arms.

Sutton struggled to free himself, and as he wrenched one arm loose, the revolver was discharged. The bullet passed through Miss Roloff's eye, and she fell to the floor. At the sight of the girl lying motionless and bleeding from the wound Sutton placed the revolver over his heart and pulled the trigger. His wife begged him not to shoot, but he pointed to the girl, and exclaimed: "I might as well be dead, too, now," he ran toward the door. At the threshold, he again turned the revolver to his heart, and fired. He fell dead instantly. Miss Roloff has only a fair chance for recovery. Sutton was 66 years old.

Governor Pardons Bad Boys.
Lansing, Mich., July 1.—Governor Bliss has paroled the boy burglars for whose benefit an effort was made to push through the legislature the probation bill. The boys are Wirt Parks, Harry Quay and Perry Rouns. They were sentenced in March to six months in prison. Their fathers must put the boys to work and keep them out of mischief. Arthur Frye, another of the band, will probably be paroled from the Industrial School for Boys.

Trolley Car Derailed.
Houghton, Mich., July 1.—The lives of nine passengers on a street car were jeopardized by some unknown person who put a fence post on the track. The car was derailed, and it plunged down an embankment near Hancock, while running at a high rate of speed from Calumet. It struck a telephone pole, and was wrecked, but the passengers and crew escaped with a severe shaking up.

Prominent in the Upper Peninsula.
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., July 1.—Con Cullane, of Sheldrake, who was instantly killed by a logging train while riding on a car on one of his own tracks, was one of the most prominent figures in the commercial life of the upper peninsula. He came to this country without a cent, but by hard work and strict attention to business amassed a large fortune.

Some More Unpleasant Thuggery.
Three Rivers, Mich., July 1.—Aged Mrs. Thomas Weston, who lives on a farm west of the city, was choked and robbed of \$10 at her back door. Her cries brought her husband, but he was held back at the muzzle of a revolver. The farmers of that neighborhood may deal summarily with the offender if he be caught.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 5.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. viii, 1-10. Memory Verses, 4-7—Golden Text, I Sam. vii, 3—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]
1-3. And it came to pass, when Samuel was old, that he made his sons judges over Israel. . . . And his sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre and took bribes and perverted judgment.

After the defeat of the Philistines, recorded in the previous chapter, which we had as a lesson six months ago, they were subdued, and the hand of the Lord was against them all the days of Samuel. Samuel was the Lord's representative in their midst and ever sought their true welfare in the sight of God. He was the Lord's faithful messenger, seeing God and not man and seeking nothing from man. The names he gave his sons (verse 2) are indicative of his piety—Joel, Jehovah is God, and Abiah, Jehovah, my Father. But beautiful names neither indicate the character nor change the heart. Righteousness is not hereditary, and many good parents have had children. Consider Eli and David and Hezekiah, and, stranger still, listen to Jehovah Himself in Isa. i, 2, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." Truly the carnal mind is enmity against God!

4, 5. Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways. Now, make us a king to judge us, like all the nations.

God had chosen Israel that they might be unto Him a peculiar treasure above all people, a kingdom of priests, a holy nation, separated from all other people, dwelling alone, not reckoned among the nations, delighting to say: "The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king. He will save us" (Ex. xix, 5; xxxiii, 16; Num. xxiii, 9; Isa. xxxiii, 22). His power was their strength and His presence their glory. The very thing that God chose them for they turned their backs upon and wanted to be like other people. They chose the earthly and visible in preference to the heavenly and invisible and deliberately rejected the high position to which God had called them and in which He had placed them. It is just the sin of churches and of Christians today. We are called out of the world to have nothing more to do with it, but glorify God in it and rescue people from it, relying upon the unseen God to supply all our need. Everything that tends to lower this high standard or in any way destroy these distinctive features of the Christian life by saying, "Let us be and do like others," is just Israel's sin repeated.

6, 7. And Samuel prayed unto the Lord, and the Lord said unto Samuel, Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee, for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me that I should not reign over them. Their conduct was no surprise to God. He had foreseen it all and knew from the beginning their evil hearts and how they would treat Him (Deut. xxi, 14). Yet He loved them with an everlasting love, heard them when they cried unto Him, forgave them and delivered them many a time, sent them prophet after prophet to win them back to Him and finally sent His own Son as their Messiah, but even Him they rejected and crucified, saying, "We have no king but Caesar." Still, He loves them and will yet fulfill His promises to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob for His own name's sake. The time will come when they shall look upon Him, be deeply convicted of their sin and receive Him as their long looked for Messiah and rejoice in Him and He in them before all nations (Zech. xii, 10; xlii, 1; Isa. xxv, 9; Ezek. xxxvii, 21-28; Jer. xxxii, 5-8; Luke i, 32, 33). When Israel murmured against Moses, they murmured against Him who sent Moses; when people reject the messengers of God, they reject God Himself.

8, 9. Now, therefore, hearken unto their voice; howbeit yet protest solemnly unto them and shew them the manner of the King that shall reign over them.

The Lord assures Samuel that this misconduct of Israel is nothing new, that ever since they left Egypt they have acted thus toward Him and that Samuel must not feel slighted or injured, but accept it all as fellowship with God Himself. It would be a great victory for every believer if this was continually practiced and if, when anything is said or done to us, we would remember that He feels it as done to Himself and He will see to it (Acts ix, 4, 5). God wants cheerful, willing service, the love of Christ constraining. He does not love that which is done grudgingly. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver (II Cor. ix, 7). But when He sees people determined to have their own way He sometimes gives them their request, though it brings leanness into their souls (Ps. cxi, 15).

10. And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked of him a king.

Just as when a child he told Eli every whit of the Lord's message (chapter iii, 18), even though it was a message of judgment, so now he declares faithfully all the words of the Lord concerning the manner of the king whom God will give them. Then when the people insist, notwithstanding, on having this king "Samuel heard all the words of the people, and he rehearsed them in the ears of the Lord" (verse 21). He is no man pleaser; he speaks the messages entrusted to him faithfully, leaving results to God (Jer. xxiii, 28; Gal. i, 10). A God of love will not let His people rush into ruin blindly, nor will He overthrow His enemies without offering them mercy as He did to the people of Noah's time before the flood and also to Pharaoh and his people. Mercy always precedes judgment.

THE FOURTH IN 1793.

Interesting Account From an Old Philadelphia Daily Newspaper.

There was a daily newspaper in 1793. It was published in Philadelphia, where the first daily newspaper appeared. It was originally the Philadelphia Packet and General Advertiser, issued as a weekly, and a complete file of it is stowed away on the shelves of the Congressional library at Washington. The Packet exists today as the Philadelphia North American. The first issue of the Packet as a weekly appeared Oct. 28, 1771. Afterward it became a triweekly and on Sept. 21, 1784, a daily. Associated with John Dunlap in its publication was David C. Claypoole. Dunlap is said to have been the first man to have printed the Declaration of Independence. So it is appropriate, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, that we should take an account of the celebration of Independence day a hundred years ago from the files of his paper, then known as Dunlap's American Daily Advertiser. Dunlap did not respect the Fourth of July, as some of the newspaper proprietors of today do, by declaring a holiday for his employees and getting out no paper. On the contrary, he improved the day by publishing in a patriotic spirit the text of the Declaration of Independence, with an editorial introduction which indicates that Liberty was not so fully established on her pedestal as she might have been. He says:

"At a time when some of our citizens are disposed to view monarchical power with different eyes from those with which they viewed it in 1776 we hope it will not be amiss to remind them of the principles and feelings of the citizens of the United States in that memorable year by republishing the Declaration of Independence on the anniversary of the day which gave birth to the freedom of our country and which we hope will continue to furnish a precedent for deposing tyrants in every part of the world."

Then follows the Declaration in full, with some little variations in punctuation, spelling and general style which would appear inelegant today. But we have reformed our language a good deal in a century.

There is one little news paragraph about the observance of the day in the issue of the Fourth. There was no telegraph in those days and no steam railroad, and news came in by carrier slowly. So there is no reference to the plans for celebration in other cities, and under the head of "Philadelphia, July 4," there is only a short paragraph telling that the firing of the morning gun at daybreak had announced the birthday of American independence, and that fifteen guns would be fired at noon and fifteen at two different periods afterward. Most of the public places of entertainment, it was stated, would be "open for the reception of company" and the evening would be closed with a grand display of fireworks. "Thus," says Mr. Dunlap, "Philadelphia will exhibit perhaps the most splendid scene of any part of the continent on this joyful introduction of the eighteenth year of glorious liberty."

The reason for firing a salute of fifteen guns was that in 1792 Vermont and Kentucky had been admitted to the Union, increasing the number of states from the original thirteen to fifteen.

In the issue of the paper for the 5th of July is an account of the local celebration. It was not complete. Little scraps of this story were published from day to day for nearly a week, and the arrival of letters from New York furnished additional news, so that the story of the celebration was not cleaned up in a few hours, as it would be today, but was scattered over two good weeks.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Bitters does it.

PLEASED TO DO IT.

Paw Paw Citizens Gladly Speak Publicly on This Subject.

The good deeds of Doan's Kidney Pills are spreading o'er the city. Lifting burdens from aching backs.

Curing the pains of kidney ills. Read the proof in a Paw Paw man's words.

Mr. George Lucas, Painter, a resident of Paw Paw for thirty years, says: "For some time I was annoyed with a distressing and bothersome weakness which disturbed my rest greatly at night. I became interested in Doan's Kidney Pills, procured a box at E. B. Longwell's drug store and took them according to directions. It was only a short time before they obviated the necessity of my rising nights. After what they did for me I heartily recommend them to others."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

INDIGESTION

"I was troubled with stomach trouble. Thedford's Black-Draught did me more good in one week than all the doctor's medicine I took in a year."—MRS. SARAH E. SHIPLEY, Ellettsville, Ind.

Thedford's Black-Draught quickly invigorates the action of the stomach and cures even chronic cases of indigestion. If you will take a small dose of Thedford's Black-Draught occasionally you will keep your stomach and liver in perfect condition.

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

More sickness is caused by constipation than by any other disease. Thedford's Black-Draught not only relieves constipation but cures diarrhea and dysentery and keeps the bowels regular.

All druggists sell 25-cent packages.

"Thedford's Black-Draught is the best medicine to regulate the bowels I have ever used."—MRS. A. M. GRANT, Sneads Ferry, N. C.

CONSTIPATION

Ask DRUGGISTS for 10 cent Trial Size.

Ely's Cream Balm Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly. It is absorbed. It cures the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size, 50c. Trial size 10c. at druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street New York.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL



New line from Chicago via Rockford, Freeport, Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fine service and fast "Limited" night train, with Stateroom and Open-section Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free Reclining Chair Car through without change. Dining Car Service. A. H. HANSON, G. P. A. Chicago

Your Tongue

If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver is out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers. 50 Pts. Dr. Buckingham, 10 E. W. Hall & Co., N. H.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route." CENTRAL STANDARD TIME. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT APRIL 5th, 1903. TRAINS GOING EAST FROM LAWTON.
No. 8—on signal 1:35 a. m.
No. 52—freight 7:10 a. m.
No. 3—on signal 8:27 a. m.
No. 53—freight 11:30 a. m.
No. 14—on signal 6:30 p. m.
No. 22—on signal 7:40 p. m.
TRAINS GOING WEST FROM LAWTON.
No. 7—on signal 2:15 a. m.
No. 15—on signal 7:45 a. m.
No. 3—on signal 8:27 a. m.
No. 53—freight 11:30 a. m.
No. 23—on signal 6:30 p. m.
O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Agent, Chicago. F. J. PHILLIPS, Ticket Agent, Lawton.

PERE MARQUETTE

Time Table in Effect June 21, 1903.
Leave Paw Paw for Hartford, South Haven, Holland, Grand Rapids and the north, 8:40 a. m.
Leave Paw Paw for Hartford, South Haven, Benton Harbor, St. Joseph, Chicago and the south and west, at 12:35 p. m.
Leave Paw Paw for South Haven and intermediate points at 4:55 p. m.
Leave Paw Paw for Lawton at 8:17 and 11:40 a. m., and connecting at Lawton with Michigan Central main line trains for all points.
E. E. SROOK, Agent, Paw Paw. H. F. MOELLER, Gen. Pass. Agt., Detroit.